

## anything you can do (i can do better)

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by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

### Summary

"Your daughter is going to be fine in my house, Dream," George said teasingly as Dream walked up.

"Is she?" Dream hummed skeptically.

"Oh my god, what could possibly happen to your daughter? She's gonna be upstairs with Diana doing her hair," George said. "The worst thing that can happen is she burns herself with the curling iron."

"You're gonna let her burn herself with a curling iron?" Dream questioned.

"Get out of my house," George muttered.

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In which Dream and George are each parent of two very wonderfully smart and mischievous daughters who happen to be friends. Oh, and of course, two daughters who are completely sick and done with their stupid rivalry that always gets in the way of their friendship.

The plan? Get them together in time for Prom. Maybe then they'll stop being so annoying.

## Notes

ember and flame, hehe, you guys asked for it and brain went brrrr

NOTE: the daughters are i guess kind of a big part of this, and i guess they're like original characters i hope it isn't too annoying idk. it's a lot of like OC convo for the first like 1000 words or so, then it's DNF i promise, it's just for like, premise and shit.

I hope you guys enjoy this, it's long as hell so- hopefully it's entertaining and not boring.

ps. there's like rlly mild slut-shaming sorry abt that whoops

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Girls," A hand slammed on the lunch table causing the trays and drinks to rattle. The group of girls casually chatting and playing on their phone looked up to their friend, barely startled at the antics they would deem as quite the usual occurrence.

"You going to continue your sentence there Rory?" Emery asked.

"Oh right," Aurora muttered as she took a seat. "Sleepover this Friday after practice, my house."

"Alright, cool," Alana mumbled the simplest of responses, not even looking up from her phone.

The rest of the group nodded a general yes, *we'll probably be there* when deep sighs came from the two girls sitting at the end of the table, staring at each other with looks of exhaustion causing the rest of their friends to turn.

"Your turn or my turn?" Mia asked.

"I don't know," Diana replied. "Who went to the last sleepover?"

"Wait, what do you mean *turn*? You're both invited stupid," Rory said.

"Yeah, but we take turns going to sleepovers," Mia said. "You know because we hate you and don't wanna spend time with you."

Rory hissed from across the table and threw a grape from her lunch tray, to which Mia dodged with little giggles. Mia threatened back with an apple when Diana raised her hand and stopped her best friend, thinking that maybe an apple is too big of fruit to be chucking around.

"Okay, what do you mean take *turns*?" Kate asked.

"We take turns going to sleepovers when we're both invited," Diana explained shortly.

"Since when?" Emery said.

"Since forever," Mia munched on her very stale cafeteria pizza.

"Why?" Rory asked.

"You all know why," Mia huffed. "I don't want my dad at the door at 2 AM trying to take me home like I'm six and recently kidnapped."

"You're not serious," Kate said. "That's so not fun!"

"We're used to it," Mia said defeatedly.

"No, that can't be right," Alana said. "There's no way we-" She stopped and squinted thinking back to all the sleepovers the group has had since they've met each other in middle school. "Oh my god, you guys have never been in the same sleepover."

"Wait no, you both went to my lake house last summer," Rory exclaimed victoriously.

"Yeah well that's because my dad was back home in England so he doesn't get to say shit," Diana

mumbled.

"I also lied to my dad about it which isn't pretty," Mia said.

"No, this is crazy, how have we never realized that you *take turns* going to sleepovers?" Emery said. "And because of your dads?"

"We used to make excuses, but we're way past that now," Mia shrugged.

"Like I can hide the fact that I wasn't allowed to bunk with Mia when we went on that away game was because my dad was being really whiny about it," Diana sighed.

"But you did bunk with Mia," Alana said.

"Yes, and that's why my father was a chaperone the next away game," Mia said.

"And if Clay Walker is there, George Davidson is there," Diana mumbled distastefully.

"Oh, I remember that," Rory gasped. "That was kinda funny, it almost drove coach insane."

"It's almost romantic," Emery said and there was a loud thud under the table. "Don't fucking kick me you barbarian," Emery whacked Mia on the shoulder.

"Don't call my dad's stupid rivalry romantic," Mia muttered back. "I'm literally so tired of it."

"Okay, in their defense," Alana said. "That was like two years ago, I'm sure they're not actually serious about the whole hating each other thing."

"*Oh George,*" Mia mimicked her dad's loud taunts. "*Blueberry Muffins, really? They're out of season you know, they must not be organic.*"

*"It's still much better than a lemon meringue pie, Dream. Our children are going to get diabetes from the amount of sugar in them. Did you make sure you used free-range eggs?"* Diana replied in her dad's British accent.

*"Well, at least mine is handmade and home-baked, and everything is from the farmer's market, mind you,"* Mia sneered.

*"Really? I'm pretty sure I saw you at Walmart yesterday Walker,"* Diana replied. *"Your receipt is still sticking out of your pocket."*

*"Are you stalking me, Davidson?"* Mia playfully glared at Diana

*"You wish, Walker,"* Diana spat back.

Diana and Mia both playfully glared at each other before breaking their break little tense persona, laughing about their little act. Their friends did not think it as amusing as they did.

*"That was the bake sale last month, by the way,"* Mia added.

*"Okay,"* Rory said slowly. *"Are you done roleplaying your dads?"*

*"It's also unfair that both your dads know how to bake, I mean-"* Emery mumbled.

*"Ignoring the homoerotic subtext of that whole conversation,"* Kate piped up after a long stretch of silence. *"I think Emery has a point-"*

*"Don't call my dad's conversation homoerotic!"* Diana punched Kate's shoulder.

*"I think Emery has a point,"* Kate pushed through. *"Your dads need to date."*

*"I want you to know that when a basketball comes flying to your face during practice today, it will not be an accident,"* Mia said solemnly.

"Look, your dads are very good-looking and-" Emery said.

"I'm gonna stop you right there," Diana said. "We're not talking about the whole DILF situation again-"

"Oh but you've seen the way Ms. Harroway absolutely adores your dad, Diana," Alana added. "She tried to imply that you being good at Geography was a genetic makeup and proceeded to thank your dad for it."

"And don't get me started on Mrs. Campbell with her completely out-of-pocket dress during the opening night of West Side Story," Rory said, only for the table to erupt into gasps.

*"No, it's not because Mr. Walker is in the front row. No, my boobs have always been this big,"* Kate mocked. *"What neckline?"*

"More like *what husband?*" Rory said.

"Oh don't-" Mia cringed. "Please don't. Honestly, playing lead that musical was a big mistake."

"No, your dad donating money for that production was a big mistake," Diana said. "Gives more incentive to Mrs. Campbell's boobage."

"Oh I've heard that enough from your father, and I've paid my dues from seeing our theater teacher try to flirt with my dad, I don't need it from you too Di," Mia said.

"As I was saying," Emery said, "I think your dads would be good for each other. You know, keep each other occupied in ways that don't involve screaming at each other."

"Well, screaming I mean-" Kate mumbled, and this time an apple did come flying at her, and Diana did nothing to stop it.

"I don't even know if my dad-" Diana said softly. "You know, likes- He doesn't really even talk

about dating."

"Well my dad didn't even glance at Mrs. Campbell's boobs so, I can take a wild guess," Mia said. "Some might even say I'm a walking miracle."

"See, Mia's on board," Alana said.

"No, I'm not," Mia exclaimed.

"Well you're gonna have to be, because you guys can keep switching between sleepovers, but you both have to be at the Prom after-party," Rory said. "So you have about a month to figure that out."

"Forget the Prom," Diana mumbled. "We haven't even told them we're going to Duke together after graduation."

"Oh, my god," Mia groaned. "Okay, okay well, then-" She sighed, "We gotta do something."

There was a beat of silence in which the table was unsure of how to move forward with their conversation.

"I mean," Diana said. "Your dad won't be the first green-eyed man that my dad strangely fixates on, I mean he really likes Jensen Ackles for some reason."

"*For some reason*," Alana said slowly. "And you don't- you *don't know*," she paused, "If he likes men?"

"On second thought, it might work," Diana quickly corrected.

"And your dad won't be the first British brunette that my dad is obsessed with," Mia agreed.

"So?" Kate said expectantly.

"Oh, they're gonna kill us," Diana mumbled.

"Worth it," Mia replied.

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"Daddy," Hearing her daughter's voice always brings a smile to his face, but at a certain tone and cadence, he knew it meant trouble.

"What do you want?" Dream sighed, though a knowing smirk curved across his face.

"What do you mean *what do I want*, what do *you* want?" Mia muttered out quickly

"Mia," Dream said warningly.

"What? I didn't even say anything," Mia exclaimed defensively.

Dream looked up from his computer for the first time since he heard his daughter's voice to see her standing at his office doorway. He leaned back on his chair and stared at her.

"What do you want?" He asked again.

"What makes you think I want anything?" Mia said.

"You call me *Daddy* when you want something," Dream said flatly. "That something is usually either money, favor, or forgiveness. So, what did you do, how much does it cost, and how long do I ground you?"

"What?" Mia gasped. "I am offended, I cannot believe-" Dream tilted his head and raised a single eyebrow. "It's nothing bad!"

"Sure," Dream said sarcastically.



"Dad, it's nothing bad!" Mia assured him. "Okay, here's the thing. You know I'm really busy."

"Oh, I already don't like where this is going," Dream mumbled lightheartedly as he shuts down his laptop and got up from his chair.

"It's literally a quick favor, you don't have to be rude about it," Mia pouted playfully as Dream walked closer to her, planted a kiss on her forehead, before walking towards the kitchen, forcing her to walk after him.

"I'm not being rude about it, darling, I just know you and your-" Dream pondered as he filled up his mug with cold water. "-antics."

"I don't-" Mia scoffed. "I do not have antics. I'm a smart student. I play varsity sports. I am involved in my community. I am every parent's dream-"

"Yeah, so was I and I also got a teacher fired so-" Dream mumbled. "You're not smarter than your dad."

"Well," Mia crossed her arms. "Is my dad going to help his poor, overworked daughter?"

Dream took a long chug of his cold water, having this little stare-off that he's always had with his daughter since she figured out how to make him do what she wants (about like five years old), and sighed very deeply.

"Okay, what do you want?" Dream asked.

"Okay, okay," Mia bounced on her feet. "So I'm on the prom committee and like I said, I'm really, really busy. And there's this venue that's open for visit this Wednesday at 4, but I have basketball practice, so I was hoping that my dad would help his daughter out and do a venue visit?"

"I'll just call Sapnap and tell him to let you off practice for the day," Dream shrugged. "Perks of your dad being friends with your coach."

"No, dad, that's favoritism," Mia whined. "Please just visit the venue and make sure it's like pretty and nice, and big enough for everyone. I really, really like this venue. Please," She begged.

"You already know you're busy, why are you on the prom committee?" Dream questioned.

"Because I want my prom to be perfect," Mia answered. "Your little girl is growing up and graduating soon, and you want her prom to be perfect, right?"

Dream squinted and glared at his cheekily smiling daughter.

"That's low," Dream said. "I'm already upset you're going to college out of state, and now you're pulling this on me? That's rude, you know that right?"

"*Out-of-state*, dad- Duke is like two hours away," Mia said.

"Two hours *by plane*," Dream emphasized. "Durham is a 9-hour drive."

"Then I'll take the plane! I'll come home and visit, you'll be fine," Mia rolled her eyes and walked closer to Dream. She threw her arms around his neck and clung to his back, resting her chin on his shoulder, squeezing him into a hug. "Pretty please."

"Alright, fine," Dream conceded, patting his daughter's arms to be let go from her death grip. "Get me the address, time, requirements, budget, I'll take care of it."

"Thank you, thank you-" Mia placed a kiss on his cheek before running up the stairs. "You're the best!"

The things this man would do for his daughter is exactly the reason he found himself in front of the Platinum Palace (a bit odd for a venue name), on the next Wednesday at 4 PM. Dream was waiting to be met by one Mackenzie Adams, who apparently runs the place. He was reading the text message he got from his daughter that says a bunch of random things like *we need a corner for a photo booth, make sure it's pretty and how high are the ceilings, we wanted to bring in balloons but they might get hard to clean up*. He didn't even get a proper list it's just a bunch of-

"You're joking."

The unbelievably familiar and sharp British accent pierced Dream's ears and he felt the pit of his stomach fall even lower just out of pure spite and annoyance. With a groan and a roll of eyes, Dream turned to see the short brunette walking towards him.

"Stalking me again Georgie?" Dream purred.

"In your wildest dreams," George replied, smiling proudly at his little joke. "What are you doing here?"

"I should be asking you that. See, I was asked to visit the venue," Dream said cockily.

"That's funny, Diana asked *me* to come scope the venue," George said. "So I've got it covered, you can go now," He smiled.

"Right, because you know so much about how to find a good prom venue," Dream sneered. "You don't even have prom in England. You can go."

"No I don't think so, I don't trust your judgment in class," George mocked, eyes tracking down from Dream's hair to his shoes. Dream was about to protest when he was swiftly interrupted.

"Mr. Walker, Mr. Davidson," A peppy blonde woman came through the front door and down the staircase. "I was expecting you."

"Both of us?" Dream hummed snidely receiving a glare from George though the comment seems to fly above the women's head.

"I'm Mackenzie Adams, you can call me Mac. If you would follow me," Mac said as she turned and walked back into the ballroom. "I can show you the venue your daughters called for."

It wasn't the most pleasant afternoon as you could probably guess, but then again two grown men should be able to keep it together long enough to be civil and tour a venue together. And they did, even though it were mostly awkward silence and dirty glances. Questions were asked, judgmental

looks were thrown, though this time it was for the venue not each other, they promise, and about an hour later the two men were back at the doorstep of the Platinum Palace.

"All good then? I'll tell Diana and-" George spoke up first.

"All good?" Dream exclaimed. "Absolutely not. The place was cramped with weird pillars across the hall that would block the stage and the in-house lighting is so bad we would need to bring our own floodlights."

"The hall is big enough despite the pillars, they have a gorgeous foyer for photos that we won't even need to bring a backdrop for the photo booth, and it's prom, why would it need to be super bright?" George said. "Most kids would want it dark so they can snog at the back anyway."

"No, I'm not letting my daughter have her senior prom at a weird half-baked venue with a weird trapezoidal roof," Dream said. "Plus, did you hear the street noise when we were touring?"

"I am sure the band will cover up the car honks and street noise," George muttered.

"Right, and when the slow dance happens and a siren goes off outside, just turn up the band volume," Dream said sarcastically. "And here I thought you have class, George?" He tilted his head challengingly.

"Well this venue is the best one within the budget, or did you miss the information your daughter has passed on to you?" George rolled his eyes.

"Easy, we change the budget then," Dream said as he began to walk away.

"Oh that's so typical of Dream, isn't it?" George scoffed.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Dream stopped in his tracks and turned to George.

"You throw money at the problem," George said. "Nevermind trying to deal with it, or trying to work around it, you have infinite money, why not just buy your way out of things. It's typical."

"You're infuriating, you know that?" Dream's voice was void of any other emotion but disbelief. "I have the privilege to spend money on my daughter, let me have that."

"Don't teach the kids how to be responsible and deal with their money and the budget they've set," George mumbled sarcastically. "That's fine."

"Tell Diana whatever you want George," Dream sighed. "I'm going to tell Mia what I actually think about the place. We're done here."

To say that George drove and stomped home in an absolute rage was an understatement. If he were given a choice to deal with one Clay "Dream" Walker or jump off a bridge, he would simply ask which bridge. That man was impossible to deal with and he's just been forced to spend a whole hour with him. That's sixty minutes, 3600 seconds.

And what grown man nicknames himself Dream?

He was still in a sour mood, angrily making dinner when his daughter finally came home from practice. Once he heard the front door open, he immediately called on her.

"Diana," He tried to control his voice as to not sound angry from the bat, but the frustration bled through. He didn't like yelling at his daughter and he wasn't actually angry at her. But he was angry, that's for sure.

"Ooh, what's for dinner?" Diana entered the kitchen, thankfully a little oblivious to his tense nature.

"Diana," George's voice was more stern than angry at this point.

"Oh," Diana finally stopped. "Oh, what's that face? I don't like that face."

"You want to tell me why I'd just been forced to spend time with Clay Walker touring the venue in which you convinced me, *no one else had the time to do it, dad please*," He mimicked the last portion while intensely staring at his daughter.

"Oh well," Diana mumbled as she stood next to George and started stirring the pot of pasta sauce. "I mean, you know- it's like that we- and then you see, the problem with that is that well when people-" She muttered endlessly as she raised the wooden spoon to her face to taste the sauce.

"Diana," George called again.

"What?" Diana asked innocently, smacking her lips after tasting the sauce. George just continued to stare at her. "Okay, I'm sorry."

"So you knew he was going," George accused.

"Well, since the venue is big and it's a lot of money, we aren't allowed to make decisions on our own, hence the committee so it's only fair that there's more than one opinion when people check out the venue," Diana reasoned.

"There's more than one opinion alright," He muttered bitterly.

"What happened?" Diana asked.

"He's difficult, as always," George said. "Says the venue's too tight and there are pillars everywhere and it's got a weird roof."

"Does it?" Diana questioned and George sighed.

"Yes," He admitted bitterly. "It's not great but I'm not convinced you can get another venue in such short notice and with your budget, darling."

"Well, I mean we can try," Diana said. "It's fine, I'll look around some more, I'm sure there are some places that I haven't called and-"

"You have two projects due next week," George said. "Correct?"

"So?"

"Forget about prom," George sighed. "I'll take care of it, just, forget about the venue."

"Really?" Diana's eyes lit up.

"Do well in school, I'll take care of your venue," George nodded.

"And-" Diana said hesitantly.

"And?" George laughed in disbelief. "There's more?"

"Please?" Diana begged.

"What and?" George sighed with a knowing smile.

"Well some venues come with catering and some don't so we also need food, and-" Diana winced.  
"Also music? Please?"

"So you want me to take care of your venue, your food, and your music?" George shook his head, but still he smiled at his daughter.

"I love you?" Diana offered.

"You better," George said, planted a kiss on his daughter's head. "Go take a shower before dinner, it'll be done in a bit."

"I love you!" Diana yelled even louder as she ran up to her room.

Somewhere deep inside George, he knew he was being played by his daughter who knew exactly how to sigh, bat her eyes, and pout to get her father to help her with anything she needed. And he may talk big about teaching kids how to be responsible about money and budget, but honestly, he's a bit of a hypocrite when it comes to watching his daughter struggle and tired with her

responsibilities.

Okay, so maybe rather than the money that Dream likes to throw at things, George is one to throw his own time into things. After all, he works on his own and works from home. He has the time, why not?

Before his thought could go any further though, his phone pinged a little text notification from one contact he's saved as '*fucko*'. Not that he'd ever let anyone and especially his daughter know he'd saved Dream's number as such on his phone when the two of them were forced by Sapnap when they were chaperoning the girls' away game.

It was an address, the time of 1 PM, and *meet me*.

No hello, no goodbye, not a request more of a demand, no please and thank you. Just 2 lines of messages, and George's blood was boiling. He felt like that drawing from Lilo and Stitch where he's just colored red all the way to the top of his head. So he didn't reply, out of pure spite, and went on with the rest of his night.

But then his doorbell rang at about 12:30 the next day.

"Yes? How can I-" George really ought to learn to check his front door camera before opening the door.

"See, I knew you were going to be difficult," Dream said immediately.

"What are you doing here?" George asked.

"We have a tour for 1 PM and you didn't answer my text, and I just assumed you would be difficult," Dream said. "Go get dressed." Dream slowly nudged George inside and let himself inside of the house before shutting the front door behind him, much to George's dismay.

"What are you- get out of my house!" George exclaimed.

"Yes," Dream agreed. "We'll both get out of your house in a few minutes after you put on some



pants and we'll go on that tour. Go, hurry up."

"I-" George sputtered. "You-"

"This is a good venue," Dream said sternly. "And only the slightest bit above budget, just the slightest bit that they can raise the money by adding like a dollar to the tickets they're selling," He told him. "It needs two pairs of eyes, and the kids are in school, now go put some pants on."

"Fine," George spat. "Don't get your dirty shoes in my house."

George hated that he was making a lot of good points. He might've grumbled, like a little boy, maybe even stomped up the staircase, but George left and came back, all properly dressed to meet Dream still standing in his door, looking at his wall of photos with Diana five minutes later.

"The older she gets, the more she looks like her mother," Dream commented.

"What?"

The off-handed comment had caught George so off guard that he nearly stumbled when he was putting on his shoes to leave the house. The second Dream had been in the vicinity, George's entire body was tense and he was in fight-or-flight mode. But everything came crashing down in one measly comment.

"The baby pictures," Dream said. "Diana looks a lot like you when she was younger, but I think as she got older, she's starting to look like her mother."

George walked closer next to Dream to see what he was looking at. Dream pointed at two photos. One of George was his late-wife, back when they were still in college, happily dating and having fun, and the second picture was Diana, in a little impromptu photoshoot at the park.

"Look," Dream said lightly. "I could hardly tell them apart."

"Yeah," George hummed. "I guess you're right."

"Sorry," Dream cleared his throat and took a step back. "Sorry, I shouldn't have- It must be hard, I kno-"

"It's fine," George shook his head. "It was a long time ago. Let's just-" He cleared his throat. "Let's just go."

"Yeah," Dream agreed. "I'll drive."

It was awkward.

There was no sugar-coating the situation, it was very awkward and Dream was a little bit to blame for it. In his defense, he was actually quite fond of Diana. She's a smart girl, probably a wonderful friend to Mia, but sometimes the urge to piss off George was much more overwhelming than he could handle.

Looking at the wall of pictures of the girl and her father, honestly who else would relate better than a man living the same life.

"So what is this place?" George asked, looking at the building they've arrived at.

"It's usually a wedding venue and they don't usually market to other events, but, some couple had a falling out and they called off their wedding-" Dream said. "Which, sucks for them, but they already paid for the place."

Dream led George to a simplistic and rustic-looking room, walls lined with windows, and arching ceilings.

"See?" Dream said excitedly. "We get rid of the chairs, it's plenty of space, food can be in the next room over, the music can go on the altar-" He started planning things out. "There's a little outdoor pavilion with fairy lights that'll be great for photos if the weather is good."

"This seems expensive," George said. "And you're saying the kids can cover this with their budget and maybe an extra few?"

"Well they're giving it to us at a discount," Dream explained.

"Who's they?" George asked.

"The bride," Dream said.

"Oh you absolute vulture," George gasped though he couldn't help but laugh.

"No, no," Dream said defensively. "I was helping a poor woman save some money that she was going to lose anyway since she'd already paid for this space. And now that we've got this space, all we need to do is food and music-"

"Oh I thought I was handling food and music," George frowned.

"Are you?" Dream questioned.

"Diana asked," George said, ready to jump in had Dream said something challenging as usual.

"Oh," Dream's reply was simple, which was a surprise to George. "Well I was just going to ask my friend for the food, I know a guy and he runs a food truck. I thought it'd be cool to have him parked upfront. I don't know where to even start with music."

"Oh," George mumbled. "I was just gonna ask my friend for music, he has a band. I think that's what Diana was thinking about when she asked me."

"I mean," Dream muttered. "That seems simple enough," He grinned cheekily. "Look at that, we could work together after all."

"So we've got all that covered and the kids can deal with the decorations and everything else," George said.

"And all without me *throwing my money at problems*," Dream hummed sarcastically.

"Okay," George sighed. "I admit, that was harsh-"

"Apology accepted," Dream interjected with a smirk.

"I wasn't going to apologize," George sneered, though he was finding it a little hard to hide the curve of his lip. "I was right, you know."

"Sure you were," Dream drawled, knowing this would piss George off. He looked at George, raised an eyebrow just waiting for a reaction, in which he only got a playful glare. "C'mon, I'll drive you home."

The two men went to their daughters and gave them a full mission report, which the girls were very appreciative of, and that was that. They've done their job as their father.

It took about two whole weeks for George to hear from Dream again. Normally, the longer he could go without hearing from the blonde man, the better. He would savor every single moment that passed in which he doesn't have to passive-aggressively interact with Dream, but their last conversation went pretty well, right?

No, it's not that he wants to talk to Dream again, but is it a bad thing if he just wants to gauge where they are right now? You know, if Dream still hates his guts and whether or not he needs to mean the next time they meet?

Two whole weeks. Nothing. No run-ins, not even so much as more favors from his daughter.

Then suddenly it was a phone call.

Not a text message, not a message relayed from daughter to daughter, a literal phone call on a Saturday morning.

"Dad, who's uh-" Diana said hesitantly. "Who's *fucko*?"

"Uh," George stuttered. "Uh-" His eyes widened in horror. "Di, come flip this pancake, I need to take that call."

"Okay?" Diana mumbled, getting off from the dining table to take over cooking their breakfast.

George picked up his phone off the table and ran to the living room where he would be far enough away from his daughter. He wasn't sure why he did it, it almost felt like when he was in high school and would hide his boyfriends and girlfriends from his mother and he felt a little stupid once he was far enough, but what's done is done.

"Hello?" George tried to sound like he was out of breath.

"Emergency," Dream blurted out.

"What happened?" George was immediately concerned. Not only was it out of the ordinary for this man called Dream to call him out of nowhere, but now for an emergency? What kind of emergency? "Is it the venue, or-"

"Diana went dress shopping yet?" Dream asked immediately.

"Uh-" Again, Dream always seems to catch George off guard. "Diana darling, did you go dress shopping yet?"

"For prom?" Diana asked.

"Yeah?" George said.

"Nope," Diana answered easily.

"No, she hasn't," George repeated.

"Right, we're picking you both up in an hour," Dream said.

"You're- what?" But George was greeted by the end call screen.

George walked back to the kitchen, thankful that Diana has managed to not burn anything, though still in a state of confusion and a little bewildered.

"What's up?" Diana asked. "Why did you ask me if I've gone dress shopping?"

"Isn't prom in like a week?" George asked. "Shouldn't you already have a dress?"

"I was just going to wear one of my old ones," Diana said.

"You didn't want to buy a new dress?" George asked.

"I didn't really wanna go dress shopping alone," She answered.

"Oh, sweetheart," George gasped. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"No, it's fine dad," Diana shrugged. "I didn't care that much and everyone pretty much goes dress shopping with their mom or wears their mom's old prom dress-"

"Darling, you're breaking my heart over here," George sighed, pulling his daughter into a hug and kissing the top of her head. "Why didn't you tell me? You should've told me."

"Come on, Dad," She chuckled. "Like you would want to go dress shopping with me alone. It's tedious. Mia didn't go dress shopping either, it's fine."

"Well, maybe that's why Mia and her father are coming and picking us up in an hour," George hummed.

"What?" Diana hummed. "Really?" George's heart was a hundred times lighter once he saw the smile on his little girl's face.

"Yeah, he just called," George said. "We'll just, hang around and you can go dress shopping with Mia."

"And you promise to be nice to each other?" Diana squinted accusingly.

"We'll be nice, I promise," George assure her. "Maybe I'll pester him about the colors instead of asking you what colors the dresses are."

"Yeah, okay," Diana could not stop grinning. "That sounds fun."

"Go get your breakfast and get ready, he's coming in an hour," George passed the plate of pancakes to his daughter to bring up to her room.

"Thank you, I love you," Diana said before running off.

She came back though, not even seconds later, and peeped her head into the kitchen.

"So *fucko* is-" Diana giggled.

"If you tell him or Mia, you're grounded," George's reply was instant.

"Gosh dad, you're so immature," Diana said cheekily before disappearing off again.

George figured he might have few minutes to eat his pancake and maybe even try to attempt the crossword like dads do before he had to change out of his pajamas. Maybe a good cup of coffee to calm his nerves. He really doesn't wanna fight Dream today, for both his daughter's sake and his.

Dream was also a little nervous. He was just a little nervous when he pulled up in front of the Davidsons' house. He knew George tolerated him, at best. On days that are less than good, George Davidson hated him. But he was desperate and his daughter told him she didn't have a dress nor anyone to go shopping with and he did what he had to do.

"Why do you look like you're about to vomit?" Mia furrowed her eyebrows at her dad.

"I do not look like I'm about to vomit," Dream said.

"You do," Mia said. "You look like you just saw Mrs. Campbell's boobs."

"You know, I may not have brought you into this world but I can certainly take you out," Dream said threateningly at a mischievously smiling Mia.

"Come on, that was funny," Mia said.

"No, it wasn't," Dream shook his head.

"It was kinda funny," Mia coaxed.

"Get in the back seat," Dream swatted at his daughter who yelped as she unbuckled her seatbelt and climbed from the passenger's side, and landed at the back with a thud.

"Are you going to behave?" Mia asked, popping her head next to her dad's head. "You were the one who insisted we go shopping with the Davidsons, you have to behave."

"I'm your father, I know exactly how to behave," Dream grumbled.

"Are you sure about that?" Mia hummed, and Dream gently flicked her on the forehead. "Ow! You're so mean!"

"Put on your seatbelt, they're coming," Dream said, watching closely as George and his daughter Diana left the house. Diana ran straight to the car while George stayed behind to lock the door.

"He looks good in red, huh?" Mia's head popped up next to Dream again.



"Inappropriate," Dream said scoldingly, swatting his cackling daughter back to her seat.

"I was talking for you, not for me!" Mia said defensively, but before Dream could retaliate, Diana had opened the back door and climbed in.

"Mr. Walker! Thanks for inviting us dress shopping," Diana exclaimed cheerfully.

"Of course sweetheart, it would only make it easier for all of us," Dream replied.

The two girls in the back seat immediately went off, loud and laughing like they haven't seen each other in ages. In reality, they were at basketball practice together less than like 18 hours ago. They were taking control of the AUX, sharing pictures, and hairstyles they've gotten from the internet, talking about which colors will match the best and if Coach will be okay with them having acrylics for that last Friday practice before prom (which Dream assured them, Sapnap will not say no if Dream asked).

Dream felt a little guilty, listening to the two girls talking at light speed as if they'd know each other's next thought by heart, knowing that a lot of the restraint on their friendship is due to his and George's rivalry. Come to think of it, he doesn't even remember why it even started. It's always just been George vs Dream, which is a little absurd, to be honest.

"Hey," George greeted as he climbed into the passenger seat and pulled on his seatbelt.

The car went to a stop and it was a really tense silence. The two girls held their breath in the back seat, just waiting for something to happen. If anyone was going to say anything snide, or make an off-handed comment, or-

"Hey," Dream replied, just as calmly. "Ready?"

"Yep," George nodded once his seatbelt was secure.

"Right," Dream smiled. "Girls, where do we find dresses?"

Three hours later, Dream and George found themselves sitting in the fifth boutique dressing room

for the day. George should've brought the crossword with him. Has anyone mentioned that it was a little bit a lot awkward? Because it was. Both their daughters were sharing one dressing room and the two men were left alone.

Both men were walking on eggshells, trying their hardest to now burst into a passive-aggressive standoff for the sake of their two girls, though they've never really been placed in a situation where they would need to get along. Until today, that is. But neither of them know what to say, what to do, or if they had anything in common really.

"Have you-" Dream started hesitantly. George turned and tilted his head expectantly.

"What is it?" George asked.

"Have you met Diana's prom date?" Dream asked. "Because Mia hasn't said anything about a date, and I didn't wanna ask."

"Oh," George mumbled hesitantly. "No, she never. She's never really mentioned-"

"Neither has Mia, but I mean, *not to toot our own horn*, our daughters are quite popular, so you'd think that someone must've asked them, right?" Dream said hushedly

"Right, right," George nodded. "I haven't heard about a car or someone picking her up either. Promposals are pretty big, right? We would've heard about it. Sapnap would've told us."

"Oh!" Dream exclaimed. "We should ask Sapnap, hang on I'll text him."

"God, I hope it's not that football player," George commented. "What's his name, that one running back-"

"Oh god, I know exactly the one you're talking about," Dream gasped, looking up from his phone. "What's his name? Starts with like a T or a J."

"It's T, I think it's-" George snapped his fingers to try and remember. "Thompson, Turner-"

"Tanner," Dream exclaimed, only for George to immediately shush him. The dressing room was only covered with curtains and he was being way too loud. "No, I wouldn't even let him inside my house," He said shook his head adamantly.

"What are you going to do?" George laughed slightly. "Just slam the door in his face?"

"That's exactly what I'm going to do, are you kidding?" Dream said. "He's not getting a finger on Mia, or Diana for that matter," He said passionately. "After what happened with that one girl-"

"Oh, oh I know what you're talking about," George nodded. "The choir girl."

"Yeah, the choir girl," Dream shook his head. "No, he's not even allowed to breathe next to our girls."

"Right," George smiled slightly. "Our girls."

*Our girls.*

"Wait," Diana yelled from inside of the dressing room. "No, but this dress looks so good on Mia, this is her big reveal, I think this is it!" She peeked her head out of the curtain and looked up to George and Dream, making sure they were paying attention. "You're gonna wanna see this," She said excitedly.

"I'm ready," Dream said softly.

"Wait," Mia exclaimed back. "Then you gotta put on the other dress back on, the one that you really liked, I think that one should be yours," Mia popped her head out the other side of the curtain. "Give us one moment, please."

"Take all the time you need," George chuckled.

Both their heads disappeared behind the curtain as they shuffled to change into their dresses. The

atmosphere outside of the dressing room was a lot better though. It was a lot less tense than before, both men knowing that to a certain point, they could talk to each other without going straight into a fight. It was a lot more comfortable, and honestly, fighting was getting exhausting.

"Okay, ready?" Diana asked.

"Ready," George replied.

The girls drew the curtains away and stepped out of the dressing room. They'd brought their own heels that they planned on wearing to the dance, which was apparently essential to the dress-shopping journey. The heels clicked on the floor as the two girls posed outrageously in front of their fathers.

"Ta-da," Mia said dramatically.

Mia was wearing a deep emerald green dress that perfectly complemented her dad's eyes, and well, her eyes as well seeing as how she's her father's daughter. Spaghetti straps and a neckline that Dream wishes would be a little higher, but dads always want the neckline to be a little higher. Gorgeous beading and sequins at the top, sleek satin at the bottom with a slit to her thigh that, again, Dream wished wasn't there. But he could only say so much about his daughter's dress. It was beautiful. And she was too.

Diana on the other hand was wearing a baby blue A-line dress that expands from the waist down. It has sheer lace sleeves that puff out lightly along her arm and wraps back at her wrists. Off the shoulder neckline with flower detailing on the body. A cluster of silver beads on the neckline and again on the waistline. It too has a slight up to the thigh, though the A-line profile makes it a little less obvious. She looks like a Disney princess that'd escaped to run in the plains, followed by a bunch of woodland creatures.

And all this time, neither of the girls had stopped funny posing in front of their dads. That was until they realized neither man had reacted at all.

"Dad?" Mia was the first to stop. "You good?"

"Yeah," Dream quickly shook himself out of it. "Yeah, yeah, I'm-" He inhaled sharply. "Yeah, it's-"

"I think you broke your dad," Diana commented lightly.

"Mine?" Mia chuckled. "Girl, your dad's not even moving."

Dream glanced over at a very obviously emotionally stunned George, noticing the tears welling up in his eyes, mouth gaping as he silently stared at his daughter.

"Diana, go give your father a hug," Dream encouraged. "You're about to make him cry."

Diana stepped forward until she was face to face with George, smiling slightly as she patted down her skirt.

"Baby blue was her favorite color, right?" Diana asked softly.

"Oh, my beautiful girl," George whispered as he pulled Diana into a hug, tight as he can, wrapping his arms around her.

Dream walked over to Mia, took her chin to tilt her head up before pressing a kiss to her forehead, throwing an arm around her shoulders as the two looked at the other two emotional mess. George holding his little girl's face in his hands as he wiped away her tears, Diana softly laughing through the tears.

"Happy?" Dream asked softly.

"With my dress, or with them?" Mia asked, looking softly at George and Diana.

"Yes," Dream replied.

"Yes," Mia nodded along.

"Right," George's voice shook ever so slightly. "Shall we purchase the dresses?"

"Yes, we shall," Dream said, teasing George's accent a little bit, though this time, it was greeted with only small laughter and a fond roll of the eyes.

For the next week leading up to the Prom, no longer were the two men in radio silence. Every day was a new text in preparation for Prom. Have they realized that they'd been conned into planning their daughter's Prom? Yeah, a little bit. But something told the girls their dads were having a little bit of fun as well.

It was just a string of random texts. Dream asking if George thought a lot of the kids would be vegan or have a food allergy. George asking about where they should store the chairs that they don't need. Dream picking up both the girls from practice and bringing them to the venue for decor. George picking them up and driving Mia home after the committee finished their work. It became a rhythm that week, off as it may be.

And in a blink of an eye, it was Prom night. Prom night finally arrived, and well-

"Dad!" Mia screeched. "I have a 911."

When I tell you Dream sprinted up the stairs and was at her door within seconds-

"What is it baby, what is it?" Dream asked hurriedly.

"My curling iron broke," Mia whined.

Dream's entire body relaxed as he stared flatly at his pouting daughter.

"You're kidding," Dream said.

"No, I'm not kidding! My hair's not done," Mia exclaimed.

"Okay, okay," Dream quickly replied. "What do you want me to do?"

"Drive me to Diana's?" Mia requested though the way she was packing her hair, make-up, dress,

and heels made it seem like less of a request and more of a demand. Not that Dream would do anything about it.

"I'll wait in the car," Dream sighed.

"Thank you. Hold this," Mia said as she shoved her shoes and dress into her dad's arms.

Dream chuckled softly under his breath as he watched his daughter continue to panic, texting on her phone before it transformed into a phone call and soon she was yelling on her phone at the back seat of his car.

The car barely came to a stop before Mia threw the door open and ran to the front door of the Davidson house. She knocked and seconds later, an expectant George opened the door. Dream couldn't even tell if Mia greeted him or not, she just disappeared into the house. Dream properly parked his car and stepped out, walking towards the door in which George stood there waiting for him.

"Your daughter is going to be fine in my house, Dream," George said teasingly as Dream walked up.

"Is she?" Dream hummed skeptically.

"Oh my god, what could possibly happen to your daughter? She's gonna be upstairs with Diana doing her hair," George said. "The worst thing that can happen is she burns herself with the curling iron."

"You're gonna let her burn herself with a curling iron?" Dream questioned.

"Get out of my house," George muttered.

He'd said this before, he has. Though if he'd meant it the first time, this time it was said with smiles and light chuckling exchanged between them. And that was a nice change of pace.

"Actually-" The two men can hear a thudding down the staircase and Mia's head popped up. "Mr. Davidson, are you okay with letting my dad stay over for a little bit? The car is picking me up here too because we're running late, so dad's gonna have to stay if he wants to take pictures."

"Yeah, sure thing darling," George said kindly, opening the door a little wider to let Dream into his house.

"Thank you!" Mia yelled before disappearing back up the stairs only followed by a slam of Diana's bedroom door.

"Tea?" George offered.

"Sure," Dream replied easily. "And I can tell you about who I think is going to pick my daughter up for Prom because she still refused to tell me."

"Oh, I've fully given up with asking Diana," George chuckled. "He's just going to have to make an amazing first impression when he comes to pick her up, whoever he is."

"I'm fully convinced it's that boy from debate," Dream mumbled. "Or, alternatively, I've considered this actually, the redhead cheerleader."

"Interesting, interesting," George mumbled. "You think Mia doesn't want to tell you it's a girl?"

"No, I don't think it's because it might be a girl, I think she just doesn't want to tell me," Dream groaned exasperatedly. "You know daughters and their secrets."

"Don't I know it," George mumbled. "As long as it's not Turner-"

"Tanner," Dream corrected.

"Whatever," George said without skipping a beat. "I'm okay with anyone but him."

The two men continued to talk for the next few minutes. It couldn't have been more than 10-20 minutes when they heard Diana's voice calling for them.



"We're ready, we're ready," Diana said.

Dream and George both shared a look before putting their cups down and walking towards the stairs.

"Close your eyes," Mia requested. "Mr. Davidson, you might cry again," She said teasingly.

"I'll be alright, Mia," George chuckled though he closed his eyes once he positioned himself at the bottom of the staircase. Dream followed his lead and stood next to him, eyes also shut closed.

"Come on, I can't wait," Dream said.

"Alright, alright," Mia giggled excitedly.

"Open," Diana requested.

The girls were absolutely beautiful. Sure they've seen the dress before, so it wasn't as much a surprise as before. The hair and make-up certainly added a lot to the look that it was still breathtaking. What was odd was more so what they were holding.

"Whatcha got there?" Dream asked playfully, and somewhat knowingly.

Mia smiled cheekily, holding out a dry cleaners bag with a suit in it by the clothes hanger. Diana holding a similar dry cleaners bad up to George right next to her.

"So I lied," Mia said.

"And you're grounded," Dream said instantly though Mia knew it was nothing serious by the tone of his voice.

"We don't have a car coming to pick us up," Mia continued, ignoring what her dad had just said.

"We don't actually have dates too for that matter," Diana said. "We were hoping that you guys would want to come with us. See, we have your suits dry cleaned."

"I think that's against the rules, darling," George said.

"Well technically, we told coach you guys were volunteer chaperones, so-" Mia fumbled on her heels.

Dream and George sighed, almost at sync, in pure exasperation at their daughters and suddenly the rest of the prom planning debacle started to make sense. They glanced at each other, a silent exchange in conversation that they've never done before but somehow made all the sense at that moment.

"*Oh no, I don't have antics dad, I'm not planning anything-*" Dream mocked in a high-pitched voice though his hand moved to get his suit from his daughter's hand. "*Nothing at all.*"

"I love you," Mia sang as Dream only shook his head.

George silently took his suit from Diana, a small chuckle on his face as he made his way to his room to change. Mia ran out to their car to get Dream's dress shoes that she'd hidden in the trunk and a few minutes later, all four of them were finally ready.

"You're sneaky," George commented as Diana straightened his tie and pinned his Boutonniere. "You're very sneaky, you know that?"

"Just promise me you'll have fun?" Diana asked, brown doe eyes looking up to him. The same irresistible charm that George had used his entire life now used against himself. "Have fun?"

"I promise," George agreed.

The two left the house to meet the Walkers who were already waiting by the car, also doing the typical fixing of the corsage and straightening of the tie.

Dream was-

Dream looks good. Proper good. He'd always been handsome, but he looked like he cleaned up nice even though all he had access to was George's guest bathroom. Hair a bit messily drawn back, a five o'clock shadow, and a jacket that was perfectly tailored to his body. His smile was bright, his eyes shining even brighter.

No. George's heart did not skip a beat. What are you talking about?

Dream turned to them, the everliving smirk on his face as he held the back door open and Mia climbed in, scooting to the other side, Diana followed right behind her, also climbing into the car. George helped her get her skirt all the way in so that nothing gets caught on the door. And when it was done, Dream closed the door.

Much to George's surprise though, Dream took only a few steps back before opening the passenger side door. George couldn't say a word, only his lips falling apart as he looked on in shock. Dream wordlessly answered him with a shrug and a wink. George felt his cheeks burn slightly, but he managed the classic eye-roll which indicated a very begrudging *thank you*, before getting into the car.

It did not escape neither Dream nor George the way their daughters, as much as they were taking pictures and texting in the back seat, were also whispering and giggling about the two of them. Still, the two men focused their attention forward to the road.

Dream didn't get a chance to open the door for George however once the car got to the parking lot of the venue. Both men got out of the front seat and opened the doors for their daughters. Hand in hand, both of them walked into the party only to be greeted by a very familiar face.

"You know, I didn't think they'd actually manage," Sapnap chuckled.

"Hurtful, coach," Diana sneered. "Thought you believed in us."

"I guess I believed your dads would be smarter than that," Sapnap nodded at Mia. "Guess I was wrong."

"Oh shut up, Sapnap," George said, though Dream only shook his head.

"Thanks for letting us do this coach," Mia said. "You know, the whole letting us in the committee,

the guest chaperoning gig that you didn't actually need-" Mia mumbled sarcastically.

"You-" Dream gasped at his daughter for exposing themselves. "You-" He turned to Sapnap.

"I have no idea what she's talking about," Sapnap said easily. "Now, I gotta go bust some kids trying to spike the punch," And he swiftly made his quick escape out of the situation.

"I should ground you," Dream said, as he walked further into the party, his daughter still clinging on his arm.

"Get back to me on that tomorrow," Mia said cheekily.

"Alright," Diana said once they were deep enough into the party. "Mia, we should go."

"Go where?" George asked.

"Come on, dad," Diana said. "You may have our boutonnieres but we have *actual* dates."

"Oh so you're we're just here to escort you and you're going to leave us alone?" George asked pointedly.

"No," Diana said shortly. "You have-" She lulled her head playfully. "You know," She very unsubtly nudged her head towards Dream, who could only chuckle.

"Okay, you two have fun," Mia said hurriedly, taking Diana by the hand and dragging her away. "Bye!"

It was honestly ridiculous, the situation they've found themselves in. Standing a bit to the side, the two men stood silently, unsure about how to navigate through their awkward demeanors knowing that their dynamics have changed. Perhaps for the better.

"The quarterback," Dream said. "Oh, Mia's with the quarterback," Dream suddenly piped up a bit louder, catching George's attention, pointing at the tall football player currently spinning his

daughter on the dance floor.

"Do we like the quarterback?" George asked.

"I think we like the quarterback," Dream muttered. "I think he's going to Princeton."

"Oh!" George exclaimed. "Nice one," He commented before looking back out to the dance floor. His eyes scanned the crowd for a bit before finding what he was looking for. "Huh," He said lightly. "That's a surprise."

Dream glanced at George's gaze before looking along his gaze to see Diana dancing with another girl.

"The student body president," Dream exclaimed and George nodded proudly. "Good pick, good pick."

"Never would've thought, but I think she's going to Harvard after graduation," George said.

"Nice pick, damn," Dream hummed. "Our girls picked good."

"Yeah they did," George agreed fondly.

"Has Diana picked where she's gonna go?" Dream asked.

"Yeah, actually," George said. "She likes Duke."

"No way," Dream smiled. "Mia's going to Duke, we should put them up in one apartment."

"And drive up together?" George offered.

"Oh yeah, that'd make the 9-hour drive *so much* better," Dream nodded immediately.

"It'll be nice for them to have someone they already know when they go to another state, that gives me a little comfort," George admitted.

"Nervous about letting her go?" Dream asked.

"Oh, most definitely," George scoffed. "I spent my entire life just thinking about her, and her, and her and I just-"

"Well now you have time for you," Dream said.

"Not sure I know what to do with myself," George chuckled. "It's like-"

"Mr. Davidson," A voice called out.

The two men were so engrossed in their conversation that they didn't even realize that the girls' Geography teacher, Ms. Harroway had approached the table. The conversation stopped abruptly, both of them turning to see her.

"Ms. Harroway," George greeted politely.

"I was uh-" She nervously fumbled. "I was wondering if you would like to dance?"

"Oh," George stuttered, looking from Ms. Harroway before glancing at Dream for a little bit of help. "I'm sorry, I-"

"Mr. Davidson had just promised *me* a dance, actually," Dream said. "Apologies, Ms. Harroway."

"Oh!" Ms. Harroway exclaimed. "Of course, sorry for bothering you."

"No, no, not at all. Enjoy the rest of-" But before George could finish his sentence, Ms. Harroway had already bolted away. George could barely catch his breath after the awkward moment when he

felt a hand take his and slowly tugging his arm towards the dance floor.

"Come on," Dream coaxed.

George wanted to protest, though apparently, his body didn't. His feet and entire conscious body just followed the tall blond man guiding him to the floor. The song was slow, not that either of them had realized the change in mood during their conversation. In a swift motion, Dream had taken George's one hand onto his, placing the other on his shoulder. And then they were dancing. They were swaying.

"You know," George cleared his throat out of nervousness. "Thanks for getting me out of that but we didn't really have to dance."

"Oh, this?" Dream hummed. "I wasn't saving your ass, I was saving mine."

Dream leaned his head down, bringing his lips close to George's ear. Hot breath tingling down his neck making goosebumps shot across his body. George's heart was starting to beat faster, his breath getting shorter as he allowed himself to follow Dream's movements.

"Look, look," Dream whispered.

George has been positioned so that he could very clearly look at the punch table from across Dream's shoulders.

"Mrs. Campbell's boobs were staring at me from across the hall," Dream said.

George immediately snorted, biting his lip to stop himself from bursting out into laughter. Dream pulled away, chuckling as he fondly gazed down. The two men tried to make it the least obvious that they'd been staring at the theater teacher.

"I don't think that dress is safe for work," George commented.

"She found my number, you know," Dream said.

"No, she didn't," George gasped.

"Oh, she did," Dream nodded. "It was completely inappropriate. She accidentally sent some texts, so forgive me for using you as a human shield."

"Of course," George replied.

"What were you saying?" Dream asked. "Earlier, before Mr. Harroway came."

"Oh," George mumbled. "Just that I don't know what to do with myself when Diana leaves."

"I would very happily give you suggestions if I wasn't in the same depressing boat," Dream joked. "Once Mia leaves, I would have nothing to do."

"I mean," George said. "I suppose we *could* date."

"Sorry?" Dream exclaimed jokingly.

"I mean we could start dating again," George corrected himself. "I don't know about you, but I've just been restraining myself for the most part," He shrugged. "I didn't want to bring anyone into her life when she was a kid and she got older, and I kept telling myself the same thing, but-"

The words faltered off the tip of his tongue when he felt Dream's fingers take his chin, gently tilting his face upwards until their eyes met. George's breath was stolen from his lungs, brown eyes melting in the pool of green. His heart definitely stopped for a moment. His legs were weak, moving only following the little steps Dream was guiding him to the beat of the song.

"*We* could date," Dream repeated earnestly.

"We-" George breathed out. "We could-"



"Course," Dream said softly. "I don't exactly know what you're into. I mean, you obviously had a wife who you loved very dearly, so-"

"You're good," George assured him, a small smile finally creeping on his face. "You're good, I promise."

"Am I?" Dream flirtatiously raised an eyebrow. "Good?" His gaze was burning. "For you?"

"Yes," George managed to blurt out. "God, yes."

"Good," Dream said confidently.

They were still staring into each other's eyes. Dream's hands slowly tugging George's face closer to his as he leaned closer, the hotness of their breaths mingling as their noses began to touch. Lips brushing gently before-

"Oh my god, you're dancing together, that's so cute," Mia's voice shook them out of their trance, both men jumping back in panic.

"Don't wanna say I told you so, but we did know you were going to get along," Diana sang.

"What do you want?" Dream blurted out a little too rushed and harsh than he'd intended. Mia dropped her jaw dramatically in disbelief, Diana covered her mouth and jokingly gasped.

"Okay, *rude*," Mia spat. "We just wanna let you know that there's an after-party at Rory's that we're going to, we're also sleeping over at Rory's afterward. We'll be home in the morning."

"And before you say anything," Diana said. "No, no one's going to get drunk. Rory's older brother and a few of her older cousins are chaperoning. Yes, we'll be safe."

"Uh, okay," George muttered out. "Call me if you-"

"-need to be picked up or if there's trouble," Diana finished his sentence.

"Yeah, so you guys can go if you want to. Don't wait up," Mia said, her eyes trailing down, a little smirk on her face when she saw that both men's hands were still lingering on each other's hold. She nudged Diana lightly.

"Are you going to introduce us to your prom dates?" Dream asked.

"No," Diana answered easily. "At least, not until you explain that," She pointed at their holding hands. Both men jumped apart even further. "Though I'm guessing that's not a tonight problem."

"Young lady-" George said warningly.

"Okay no," Mia interjected. "We're done here, we're not going to do this tonight," She stepped between Diana and George. "We're gonna go."

"Alright, go," Dream said, pulling Mia closer, smooching her quickly at the top of her head before nudging her away.

"I love you," George mumbled, pressing a kiss on Diana's forehead.

"Okay, you guys go have fun," Diana gushed before walking away with Mia.

She came back not even seconds later.

"Okay, but not too much fun," Diana said.

"Diana-" George scolded.

"Not too much fun, I mean it Mr. Walker-" Diana pointed to fingers to her eyes then at Dream, the classic sign of *I'm watching you*.

"You have my word, Diana," Dream said.

"Oh my god!" Mia came running back to them, having not realized that she'd just lost Diana, taking

her by the arm and dragging her away by force. "Let them have fun!"

"Not too much f-" Diana's voice was muffled by Mia placing a hand over her face.

"Go have fun. Bye!" Mia yelled as the two girls disappeared into the crowd.

The two men stood there, blushing wildly red that was thankfully only covered by the slightly dim lighting of the venue. Breathing still irregular, heart racing, and eternally embarrassed having just caught like high schoolers at Prom night. Which, I guess, wasn't the farthest from the truth.

"Hey," Dream took George's hand yet again, this time intertwining their fingers as he tugged on George's arm.

"Hey," George replied, face still warm but his smile was undeniable. Dream led them both away from the dance floor that's starting to pick up the pace again.

"So here's what I'm going to do," Dream said, walking the both of them slowly to the exit. "And you can tell me if this sounds like a plan."

"Okay?" George replied hesitantly though excited all together.

"We're going to walk outside," Dream began. "We're going to get into our car, and I'm going to kiss you in the car."

"Okay," George managed to squeak out.

They were already outside at this point, their footsteps getting quicker as they made their way across the parking lot to their car.

"What's next?" George asked as Dream walked him to the passenger side door.

"Then we're going to drive home," Dream said with a flirtatious smirk on his face. "Your house or mine, doesn't matter. And we're going to-" He let the words hang slowly in the air.

"Have fun," George offered.

"So much fun," Dream agreement.

"Too much fun even?" George teasingly said.

"Well," Dream drawled sarcastically. "Can we *ever* have *too much* fun?"

The two stood there, smiling and giggling at each other, so much so that you could've easily mistaken them for two high schoolers that had escaped for the night. Dream grinned, the little smirk that less than a month ago would've driven George crazy angry with how cocky he looked, but damn did he look good. George leaned in and pressed a quick kiss on his lips.

"Broke the plan," George said mischievously. "Kissed you outside of the car."

Dream shook his head and pulled George's face in for another kiss. This time deeper, much sweeter. Lips moving in sync as they pulled each other closer, George's hands going up to the back of Dream's head, tangling his fingers in his hair. Dream pressed even harder, pinning George's body against the car. There were smiles through the kisses, the worry of the world not even on the horizon.

And when they pulled apart, they were gasping and out of breath, still gazing lovingly into each other's eyes.

"That's okay," Dream said. "I'll just kiss you in the car again."

## End Notes

hope you enjoyed that!! I thought it was fun. A bit nervous about the original characters though, hope they're not annoying.

Comments and kudos are very appreciated.

next time you see me, i will be posting for SNF week (George x Sapnap) which is next

week. 7 fics, 7 days.

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